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SELECTIONS

FROM

The LADY of
THE LAKE

*With Introduction
and Notes*

BY

A. CAMERON

Principal of the County Academy,
YARNOUTH, N. S.

HULL, N. S.

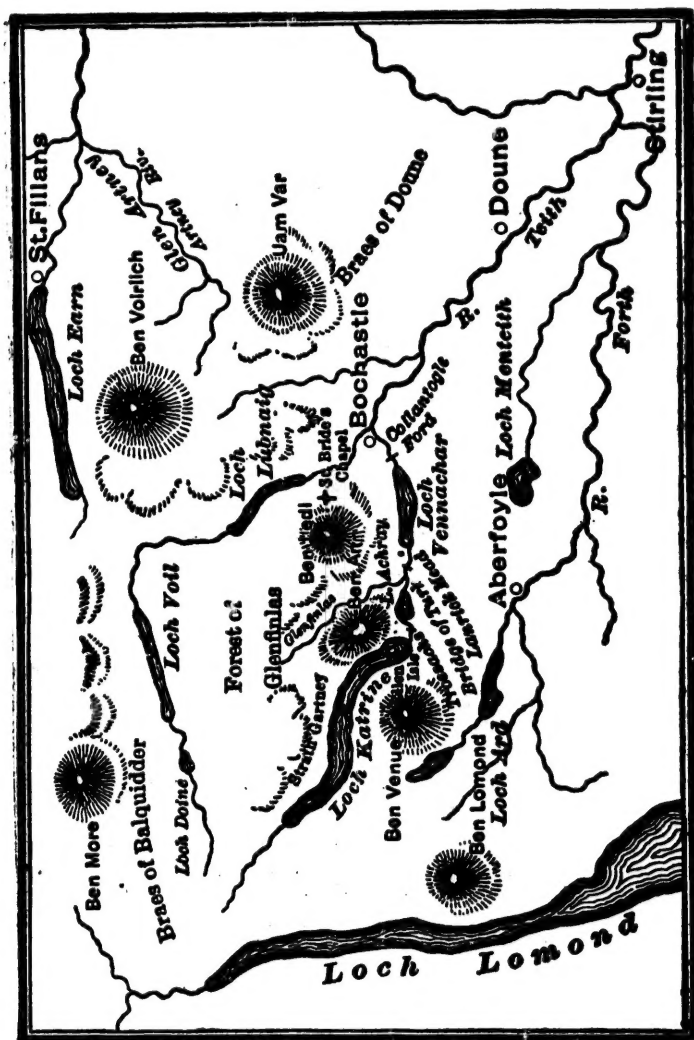
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PREFACE.

THESE Selections from "The Lady of the Lake" contain the part of the poem prescribed this year for the two junior classes in the Academies and High Schools of Nova Scotia. In the complete poem there are 4956 lines ; here there are 2472, — just six lines less than the exact half. The first canto is given in full. The omitted portions of the others are represented by extracts from what Lord Jeffrey calls a short summary of the fable. They are taken from his article on the poem published in the *Edinburgh Review* of August 1810.

In preparing the text eight different editions of the poem were consulted ; six printed in Scotland or England, two in the United States. Among them there are several different readings. In Canto I. line 4 (as numbered here) an edition printed at the University Press, Glasgow, has "long" for "lone." In I. 190, one of the United States editions has "cleft" for "cliff." In I. 244, three of the eight have "to" for "on." In II. 135, three have "the deepmost" for "her deepmost," and a ninth edition which was occasionally consulted has "the deepest." In II. 383, five have "heart" against three for "heat," and it seems most likely that Scott wrote "heart." In V. 376, an edition from the Oxford University Press has "he" for "they." In V.

420, four have "in," and the other four "on." There are a few other various readings, many various spellings, and very many variations in punctuation, but none of these are of sufficient importance to call for special mention. Those noted here have been mentioned because they are of a kind apt to cause trouble in a class where the pupils do not all use the same edition.

In the Notes it is assumed that the student has access to dictionaries and other common works of reference, and that he has been taught how to use them. For what little of history there is required to understand this poem, no better book can be recommended than Scott's own "Tales of a Grandfather," especially Chapters 25 to 27. The Notes are not intended to supply information which may be found in such works, nor to deprive the student of the pleasure and profit of thinking and working for himself. What they are intended for may be gathered from a perusal of them. It is hoped they will prove suggestive and stimulating. They are not by any means exhaustive: at best they are only samples of the sort of hints and queries which the editor has found useful in conducting literature classes. It is not expected that they will find favour with the grammar-monger, or with such teachers and students as prefer to be saved the trouble of consulting reference books and of forming opinions for themselves.

Such as they are, the Notes should not be looked at by the student — nor should any others — until the poem has been read over and over again, so that he is quite familiar with it as a whole. What Dr. Johnson says of notes in the immortal Preface to his edition of Shakespeare should be printed in the Preface to every annotated edition of all our great writers: —

"Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness; and read the commentators."

The student can easily make for himself the few changes that are needed to adapt this advice to the reading of Scott.

The contractions which occur among the Notes have their usual meanings: —

cf. stands for "compare."

ff. " " "and the two or more following lines."

v. " " "see."

The numerals following the names of works cited denote the line, when there is only one; when two, the act and scene, or the canto and stanza, or the chapter and verse, as the case may be. All numerals not preceded by the name of a work apply to "The Lady of the Lake;" and, except when specially indicated otherwise, to the system of line numbers in this edition.

SOME DATES AND EVENTS IN SCOTT'S LIFE.

- 1771. August 15th. Born in Edinburgh.
- 1792. Was admitted to practise law.
- 1796. Published his first book.
- 1799. Was made Sheriff of Selkirkshire.
- 1804. Moved to Ashestiel.
- 1805. The Lay of the Last Minstrel.
- 1808. Marmion.
- 1810. May. THE LADY OF THE LAKE.
- 1812. Moved to Abbotsford.
- 1814. Waverley.
- 1815. The Lord of the Isles, and Guy Mannering.
- 1816-1831. The rest of the Waverley Novels.
- 1820. Made a Baronet by George IV. Byron wrote of it.
"I shall think higher of knighthood ever after
for his being dubbed. By-the-way, he is the
first poet titled for his talent in Britain."
- 1825. Beginning of business troubles.
- 1831-1832. Trip to the Mediterranean in a warship.
- 1832, September 21st. Died at Abbotsford.
- 1832, September 26th. Buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

(Any biographical dictionary will give a sketch of his life and works. That in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" may be recommended. THE Life of Scott is the one by his son-in-law, Lockhart.)

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

The Chase.

HARP of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string, —
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep ?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep ?

10 Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mûte amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high !
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd ;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's match-
less eye.

O wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand
20 That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray :
O wake once more ! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
 The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.
 Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again.

I.

THE stag at eve had drunk his fill,
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill
 And deep his midnight lair had made
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
 But, when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
 The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
 Resounded up the rocky way,
 And faint, from farther distance borne,
 10 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
 "To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
 The antler'd monarch of the waste
 Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
 But, ere his fleet career he took,
 The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
 Like crested leader proud and high,
 Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky;
 A moment gazed adown the dale,
 20 A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
 A moment listen'd to the cry,
 That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;
 Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
 With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
 And, stretching forward free and far,
 Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

III.

Yell'd on the view the opening pack;
 Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back;
 To many a mingled sound at once
 30 The awaken'd mountain gave response.

A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
 Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,
 Their peal the merry horns rung out,
 A hundred voices join'd the shout ;
 With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
 No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
 Far from the tumult fled the roe,
 Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
 The falcon, from her cairn on high,
 40 Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
 Till far beyond her piercing ken
 The hurricane had swept the glen.
 Faint, and more faint, its failing din
 Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn ;
 And silence settled, wide and still,
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
 Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,
 And roused the cavern, where, 't is told,
 50 A giant made his den of old ;
 For ere that steep ascent was won,
 High in his pathway hung the sun,
 And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,
 Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
 And of the trackers of the deer,
 Scarce half the lessening pack was near :
 So shrewdly on the mountain side,
 Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

V.

The noble stag was pausing now,
 60 Upon the mountain's southern brow,
 Where broad extended, far beneath,
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.
 With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
 And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
 But nearer was the copsewood grey,

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue
 70 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
 Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,
 With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,
 Held westward with unwearied race,
 And left behind the panting chase.

VI.

'T were long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
 As swept the hunt through Cambus-more ;
 What reins were tighten'd in despair,
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air ;
 Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath,
 80 Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith —
 For twice that day, from shore to shore,
 The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
 Few were the stragglers, following far,
 That reach'd the lake of Vennachar ;
 And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
 The headmost horseman rode alone.

VII.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
 That horseman plied the scourge and steel ;
 For jaded now, and spent with toil,
 90 Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,
 The labouring stag strain'd full in view.
 Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
 Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,
 Fast on his flying traces came,
 And all but won that desperate game ;
 For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
 Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds stanch ;
 Nor rearer might the dogs attain,
 100 Nor farther might the quarry strain.
 Thus up the margin of the lake,
 Between the precipice and brake,
 O'er stock and rock their race they take.

VIII.

- The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,
 The lone lake's western boundary,
 And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,
 Where that huge rampart barr'd the way;
 Already glorying in the prize,
 Measured his antlers with his eyes;
 110 For the death-wound and death-halloo,
 Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew ; —
 But thundering as he came prepared,
 With ready arm and weapon bared,
 The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,
 And turn'd him from the opposing rock ;
 Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
 Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
 In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
 His solitary refuge took.
 120 There, while close couch'd, the thicket shed
 Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain
 Rave through the hollow pass amain,
 Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

IX.

- Close on the hounds the hunter came,
 To cheer them on the vanish'd game ;
 But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
 The gallant horse exhausted fell.
 The impatient rider strove in vain
 130 To rouse him with the spur and rein,
 For the good steed, his labours o'er,
 Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise no more ;
 Then, touch'd with pity and remorse,
 He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.
 " I little thought, when first thy rein
 I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,
 That Highland eagle e'er should feed
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
 140 That costs thy life, my gallant grey ! "

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
 From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
 Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace,
 The sulky leaders of the chase ;
 Close to their master's side they press'd,
 With drooping tail and humbled crest ;
 But still the dingle's hollow throat
 Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note.
 The owlets started from their dream,
 150 The eagles answer'd with their scream,
 Round and around the sounds were cast,
 Till echo seem'd an answering blast ;
 And on the hunter hied his way,
 To join some comrades of the day ;
 Yet often paused, so strange the road,
 So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

XI.

The western waves of ebbing day
 Roll'd o'er the glen their level way ;
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 160 Was bathed in floods of living fire.
 But not a setting beam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path in shadow hid,
 Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;
 Round many an insulated mass,
 The native bulwarks of the pass,
 Huge as the tower which builders vain
 170 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
 The rocky summits, split and rent,
 Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
 Or seem'd fantastically set
 With cupola or minaret,
 Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
 Or mosque of Eastern architect.
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
 Nor lack'd they many a banner fair ;

For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
 180 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
 Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
 The primrose pale and violet flower
 190 Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
 Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Group'd their dark hues with every stain
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 200 His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
 210 A narrow inlet, still and deep,
 Affording scarce such breadth of brim
 As served the wild-duck's brood to swim.
 Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
 But broader when again appearing,
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
 And farther as the Hunter stray'd,
 Still broader sweep its channels made.
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
 220 Emerging from entangled wood,
 But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,
 Like castle girdled with its moat;
 Yet broader floods extending still
 Divide them from their parent hill,
 Till each, retiring, claims to be
 An islet in an inland sea.

XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,
 230 A far projecting precipice.
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
 The hazel saplings lent their aid;
 And thus an airy point he won,
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
 One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay,
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 240 Floated amid the livelier light,
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue
 Down on the lake in masses threw
 Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
 The fragments of an earlier world;
 A wildering forest feather'd o'er
 His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
 While on the north, through middle air,
 250 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

XV.

From the steep promontory gazed
 The stranger, raptur'd and amazed.

- And, "What a scene were here," he cried,
 "For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
 On yonder meadow, far away,
 The turrets of a cloister grey;
 How blithely might the bugle-horn
 260 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
 How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
 And, when the midnight moon should lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matins' distant hum,
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
 A sainted hermit from his cell,
 270 To drop a bead with every knell —
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
 Should each bewilder'd stranger call
 To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

XVI.

- "Blithe were it then to wander here!
 But now, — beshrew yon nimble deer, —
 Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
 The copse must give my evening fare;
 Some mossy bank my couch must be,
 Some rustling oak my canopy.
 280 Yet pass we that; the war and chase
 Give little choice of resting-place; —
 A summer night, in green-wood spent,
 Were but to-morrow's merriment:
 But hosts may in these wilds abound,
 Such as are better miss'd than found;
 To meet with Highland plunderers here
 Were worse than loss of steed or deer. —
 I am alone; — my bugle-strain
 May call some straggler of the train;
 290 Or, fall the worst that may betide,
 Ere now this falchion has been tried."

XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,
 When lo ! forth starting at the sound,
 From underneath an aged oak,
 That slanted from the islet rock,
 A damsel guider of its way,
 A little skiff shot to the bay,
 That round the promontory steep
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
 300 Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
 The weeping willow twig to lave,
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
 The boat had touched this silver strand,
 Just as the Hunter left his stand,
 And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
 To view this Lady of the Lake.
 The maiden paused, as if again
 She thought to catch the distant strain.
 310 With head up-raised, and look intent,
 And eye and ear attentive bent,
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,
 Like monument of Grecian art,
 In listening mood, she seem'd to stand,
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form, or lovelier face !
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,
 320 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown ;
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 Served too in hastier swell to show
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow :
 What though no rule of courtly grace
 To measured mood had train'd her pace, —
 A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew ;

E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
 330 Elastic from her airy tread :
 What though upon her speech there hung
 The accents of the mountain tongue ;
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
 The list'ner held his breath to hear!

XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch such birth betray'd.
 And seldom was a snood amid
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
 340 Whose glossy black to shame might bring
 The plumage of the raven's wing ;
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,
 And never brooch the folds combined
 Above a heart more good and kind.
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
 350 Than every free-born glance confess'd
 The guileless movements of her breast ;
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
 Or tale of injury called forth
 The indignant spirit of the North.
 One only passion unreveal'd,
 With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
 360 Yet not less purely felt the flame ; —
 O need I tell that passion's name ?

XX.

Impatient of the silent horn,
 Now on the gale her voice was borne : —
 " Father ! " she cried ; the rocks around
 Loved to prolong the gentle sound.

- A while she paused, no answer came,—
 “Malcolm, was thine the blast?” the name
 Less resolutely utter’d fell,
 The echoes could not catch the swell.
 370 “A stranger I,” the Huntsman said,
 Advancing from the hazel shade.
 The maid, alarm’d, with hasty oar,
 Push’d her light shallop from the shore,
 And when a space was gain’d between,
 Closer she drew her bosom’s screen;
 (So forth the startled swan would swing,
 So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
 Then safe, though flutter’d and amazed,
 She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
 380 Not his the form, nor his the eye,
 That youthful maidens wont to fly.

XXI.

- On his bold visage middle age
 Had slightly press’d its signet sage,
 Yet had not quench’d the open truth
 And fiery vehemence of youth;
 Forward and frolic glee was there,
 The will to do, the soul to dare,
 The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
 Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
 390 His limbs were cast in manly mould,
 For hardy sports or contest bold;
 And though in peaceful garb array’d,
 And weaponless, except his blade,
 His stately mien as well implied
 A high-born heart, a martial pride,
 As if a Baron’s crest he wore,
 And sheathed in armour trode the shore.
 Slighting the petty need he show’d,
 He told of his benighted road;
 400 His ready speech flow’d fair and free,
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
 Yet seem’d that tone and gesture bland
 Less used to sue than to command.

XXII.

- A while the maid the stranger eyed,
 And, reassured, at length replied,
 That Highland halls were open still
 To wilder'd wanderers of the hill.
 "Nor think you unexpected come
 To yon lone isle, our desert home ;
 410 Before the heath had lost the dew,
 This morn, a couch was pull'd for you;
 On yonder mountain's purple head
 Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
 And our broad nets have swept the mere,
 To furnish forth your evening cheer." —
 "Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
 Your courtesy has err'd," he said ;
 "No right have I to claim, misplaced,
 The welcome of expected guest.
 420 A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
 My way, my friends, my courser lost,
 I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
 Have ever drawn your mountain air,
 Till on this lake's romantic strand,
 I found a fay in fairy land!" —

XXIII.

- "I well believe," the maid replied,
 As her light skiff approach'd the side, —
 "I well believe, that ne'er before
 Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore ;
 430 But yet, as far as yesternight,
 Old Allan-bane foretold your plight, —
 A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent
 Was on the vision'd future bent.
 He saw your steed, a dappled grey,
 Lie dead beneath the birchen way ;
 Painted exact your form and mien,
 Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
 That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt,
 That falchion's brooked blade and hilt,
 440 That cap with heron plumage trim,
 And yon two hounds so dark and grim.

He bade that all should ready be,
 To grace a guest of fair degree ;
 But light I held his prophecy,
 And deem'd it was my father's horn,
 Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne." —

XXIV.

The stranger smiled : " Since to your home
 A destined errant-knight I come,
 Announced by prophet sooth and old,
 450 Doom'd, doubtless, for achievement bold,
 I'll lightly front each high emprise,
 For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
 Permit me, first, the task to guide
 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."
 The maid, with smile suppress'd and sly,
 The toil unwonted saw him try ;
 For seldom sure, if e'er before,
 His noble hand had grasp'd an oar :
 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
 460 And o'er the lake the shallop flew ;
 With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
 The hounds behind their passage ply.
 Nor frequent does the bright oar break
 The darkening mirror of the lake,
 Until the rocky isle they reach,
 And moor their shallop on the beach.

XXV.

The Stranger view'd the shore around ;
 'T was all so close with copsewood bound,
 Nor track nor pathway might declare
 470 That human foot frequented there,
 Until the mountain-maiden show'd
 A clambering unsuspected road,
 That winded through the tangled screen,
 And open'd on a narrow green,
 Where weeping birch and willow round
 With their long fibres swept the ground
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size,
 480 But strange of structure and device ;
 Of such materials, as around
 The workman's hand had readiest found.
 Lopp'd of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,
 To give the walls their destined height,
 The sturdy oak and ash unite ;
 While moss and clay and leaves combined
 To fence each crevice from the wind.
 The lighter pine-trees, over-head,
 490 Their slender length for rafters spread,
 And wither'd heath and rushes dry
 Supplied a russet canopy.
 Due westward, fronting to the green,
 A rural portico was seen,
 Aloft on native pillars borne,
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
 The ivy and Idæan vine,
 The clematis, the favour'd flower
 500 Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
 And every hardy plant could bear
 Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
 An instant in this porch she staid,
 And gaily to the Stranger said,
 "On heaven and on thy lady call,
 And enter the enchanted hall!" —

XXVII.

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
 My gentle guide, in following thee" —
 He cross'd the threshold — and a clang
 510 Of angry steel that instant rang.
 To his bold brow his spirit rush'd,
 But soon for vain alarm he blush'd,
 When on the floor he saw display'd,
 Cause of the din, a naked blade
 Dropp'd from the sheath, that careless flung
 Upon a stag's huge antlers swung ;

For all around, the walls to grace,
 Hung trophies of the fight or chase :
 A target there, a bugle here,
 520 A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
 And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
 With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.
 Here grins the wolf as when he died,
 And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
 The frontlet of the elk adorns,
 Or mantles o'er the bison's horns ;
 Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd,
 That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,
 And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
 530 With otter's fur and seal's unite,
 In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
 To garnish forth the silvan hall.

XXVIII.

The wondering Stranger round him gazed,
 And next the fallen weapon raised :
 Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
 Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
 And as the brand he poised and sway'd,
 "I never knew but one," he said,
 "Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
 540 A blade like this in battle-field."
 She sigh'd, then smiled and took the word ;
 "You see the guardian champion's sword :
 As light it trembles in his hand,
 As in my grasp a hazel wand ;
 My sire's tall form might grace the part
 Of Ferragus, or Ascabart ;
 But in the absent giant's hold
 Are women now, and menials old."

XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,
 550 Mature of age, a graceful dame ;
 Whose easy step and stately port
 Had well become a princely court,

To whom, though more than kindred knew,
 Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
 Meet welcome to her guest she made,
 And every courteous rite was paid,
 That hospitality could claim,
 Though all unask'd his birth and name.
 Such then the reverence to a guest,
 560 That fellest foe might join the feast,
 And from his deadliest foeman's door
 Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er.
 At length his rank the stranger names,
 "The Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James;
 Lord of a barren heritage,
 Which his brave sires, from age to age,
 By their good swords had held with toil;
 His sire had fall'n in such turmoil,
 And he, God wot, was forced to stand
 570 Oft for his right with blade in hand.
 This morning with Lord Moray's train
 He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
 Outstripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer,
 Lost his good steed, and wander'd here."

XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require
 The name and state of Ellen's sire.
 Well show'd the elder lady's mien,
 That courts and cities she had seen;
 Ellen, though more her looks display'd
 580 The simple grace of silvan maid,
 In speech and gesture, form and face,
 Show'd she was come of gentle race;
 'T were strange in ruder rank to find
 Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
 Each hint the Knight of Snowdown gave,
 Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
 Or Ellen, innocently gay,
 Turn'd all inquiry light away: —
 "Weird women we! by dale and down
 590 We dwell, afar from tower and town.
 We stem the flood, we ride the blast,

On wandering knights our spells we cast;
 While viewless minstrels touch the string,
 'T is thus our charmed rhymes we sing."
 She sung, and still a harp unseen
 Fill'd up the symphony between.

XXXI.

Song.

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking:
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 600 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er:
 Dream of fighting fields no more:
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 610 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the day-break from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 620 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

XXXII.

She paused — then, blushing, led the lay,
 To grace the stranger of the day.
 Her mellow notes awhile prolong
 The cadence of the flowing song,
 Till to her lips in measured frame
 The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

Song continued.

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 630 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep, the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveillé."

XXXIII.

The hall was clear'd — the stranger's bed
 640 Was there of mountain heather spread,
 Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
 And dream'd their forest sports again.
 But vainly did the heath-flower shed
 Its moorland fragrance round his head;
 Not Ellen's spell had lull'd to rest
 The fever of his troubled breast.
 In broken dreams the image rose
 Of varied perils, pains, and woes;
 His steed now flounders in the brake,
 650 Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
 Now leader of a broken host,
 His standard falls, his honour's lost.
 Then, — from my couch may heavenly might
 Chase that worst phantom of the night! —
 Again return'd the scenes of youth,
 Of confident undoubting truth;
 Again his soul he interchanged
 With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
 They come, in dim procession led,
 660 The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
 As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
 As if they parted yesterday.
 And doubt distracts him at the view,

O were his senses false or true ?
 Dream'd he of death, or broken vow,
 Or is it all a vision now ?

XXXIV.

At length, with Ellen in a grove
 He seem'd to walk, and speak of love;
 She listen'd with a blush and sigh,
 670 His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
 He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
 And a cold gauntlet met his grasp :
 The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
 Upon its head a helmet shone ;
 Slowly enlarged to giant size,
 With darken'd cheek and threatening eyes,
 The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
 To Ellen still a likeness bore. —
 He woke, and, panting with affright,
 680 Recall'd the vision of the night.
 The hearth's decaying brands were red,
 And deep and dusky lustre shed,
 Half showing, half concealing, all
 The uncouth trophies of the hall.
 Mid those the Stranger fix'd his eye,
 Where that huge falchion hung on high,
 And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
 Rush'd, chasing countless thoughts along,
 Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
 690 He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV.

The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom,
 Wasted around their rich perfume :
 The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
 The aspens slept beneath the calm :
 The silver light, with quivering glance,
 Play'd on the water's still expanse —
 Wild were the heart whose passions' sway
 Could rage beneath the sober ray !
 He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
 700 While thus he communed with his breast : —

“Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race ?
Can I not mountain-maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye ?
Can I not view a Highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand ?
Can I not frame a fever'd dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme ? —
I'll dream no more — by manly mind
710 Not even in sleep is will resign'd.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more.”
His midnight orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold,
Consign'd to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturb'd repose ;
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawn'd on Benvenue.

CANTO SECOND.

The Island.

I.—XIV.

“THE second canto opens with a fine picture of the aged harper, Allan-bane, sitting on the island beach with the damsel, watching the skiff which carries the stranger back again to land. The minstrel sings a sweet song; and a conversation ensues, from which the reader gathers that the lady is a daughter of the house of Douglas, and that her father, having been exiled by royal displeasure from the court, has been fain to accept of this asylum from Sir Roderick Dhu, a Highland chieftain, who had long been outlawed for deeds of blood, but still maintained his feudal sovereignty in the fastnesses of his native mountains. It appears also, that this dark chief is in love with his fair *protégée*; but that her affections are engaged to Malcolm Græme, a younger and more amiable mountaineer, the companion and guide of her father in his hunting excursions.”

Roderick is an “odious theme” to Ellen, and she changes the conversation by asking the minstrel, —

“What think’st thou of our stranger guest?”

XV.

“What think I of him? — woe the while
That brought such wanderer to our isle!
Thy father’s battle-brand, of yore
For Tine-man forged by fairy lore,
What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border spears with Hotspur’s bows,
Did, self-unsabbarded, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.
If courtly spy hath harbour’d here,
10 What may we for the Douglas fear?
What for this island, deem’d of old
Clan-Alpine’s last and surest hold?”

- If neither spy nor foe, I pray
 What yet may jealous Roderick say ?
 — Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,
 Bethink thee of the discord dread,
 That kindled when at Beltane game
 Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme ;
 Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd,
 20 Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud.
 Beware ! — But hark, what sounds are these ?
 My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
 No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,
 Still is the canna's hoary beard ;
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard —
 And hark again ! some pipe of war
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar."

XVI.

- Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied
 30 Four darkening specks upon the tide,
 That, slow enlarging on the view,
 Four mann'd and masted barges grew,
 And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,
 Steer'd full upon the lonely isle ;
 The point of Brianchoil they pass'd,
 And, to the windward as they cast,
 Against the sun they gave to shine
 The bold Sir Roderick's banner'd Pine.
 Nearer and nearer as they bear,
 40 Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
 Now might you see the tartans brave,
 And plaids and plumage dance and wave ;
 Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
 As his tough oar the rower plies ;
 See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
 The wave ascending into smoke ;
 See the proud pipers on the bow,
 And mark the gaudy streamers flow
 From their loud chanters down, and sweep
 50 The furrow'd bosom of the deep,
 As, rushing through the lake amain,
 They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
 And louder rung the pibroch proud.
 At first the sound, by distance tame,
 Mellow'd along the waters came,
 And, lingering long by cape and bay,
 Wail'd every harsher note away,
 Then bursting bolder on the ear,
 60 The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear;
 Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
 Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
 Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
 The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
 And hurrying at the signal dread,
 The batter'd earth returns their tread.
 Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
 Express'd their merry marching on,
 Ere peal of closing battle rose,
 70 With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;
 And mimic din of stroke and ward,
 As broadsword upon target jarr'd;
 And groaning pause, ere yet again,
 Condensed, the battle yell'd amain;
 The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
 Retreat borne headlong into rout,
 And bursts of triumph, to declare
 Clan-Alpine's conquest — all were there.
 Nor ended thus the strain; but slow
 80 Sunk in a moan prolong'd and low,
 And changed the conquering clarion swell,
 For wild lament o'er those that fell.

XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased; but lake and hill
 Were busy with their echoes still;
 And, when they slept, a vocal strain
 Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
 While loud a hundred clansmen raise
 Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.
 Each boatman, bending to his oar,
 90 With measured sweep the burden bore,

In such wild cadence, as the breeze
 Makes through December's leafless trees.
 The chorus first could Allan know,
 "Roderick Vich Alpine, ho ! iro !"
 And near, and nearer as they row'd,
 Distinct the martial ditty flow'd.

XIX.

Boat Song.

- Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
 Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
 100 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gaily to burgeon, and broadly to grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"
- Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the
 mountain,
 110 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 "Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

XX.

- Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 120 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear agen,
 " Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine !
 O ! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
 130 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow !
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deepmost glen,
 " Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

XXI.

With all her joyful female band,
 Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.
 Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
 140 And high their snowy arms they threw,
 As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
 And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name ;
 While prompt to please, with mother's art,
 The darling passion of his heart,
 The Dame called Ellen to the strand,
 To greet her kinsman ere he land :
 " Come, loiterer, come ! a Douglas thou,
 And shun to wreathe a victor's brow ? " —
 Reluctantly and slow, the maid
 150 The unwelcome summoning obey'd,
 And, when a distant bugle rung,
 In the mid-path aside she sprung : —
 " List, Allan-bane ! From mainland cast,
 I hear my father's signal blast.
 Be ours," she cried, " the skiff to guide,
 And waft him from the mountain-side."
 Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
 She darted to her shallop light,
 And, eagerly while Roderick scann'd,
 160 For her dear form, his mother's band,

The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven ;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'T is that which pious fathers shed
170 Upon a duteous daughter's head !
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely press'd,
Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,
Though 't was an hero's eye that weep'd.
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Mark'd she, that fear (affection's proof)
Still held a graceful youth aloof ;
No ! not till Douglas named his name,
180 Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle ;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride.
Then dash'd, with hasty hand, away
From his dimm'd eye the gathering spray ;
And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,
"Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
190 In my poor follower's glistening eye ?
I'll tell thee : — he recalls the day,
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answer'd loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name

- As mighty as yon Chief may claim,
 Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
 200 Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
 Was I of all that marshall'd crowd,
 Though the waned crescent own'd my might,
 And in my train troop'd lord and knight,
 Though Blantyre hymn'd her holiest lays,
 And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
 As when this old man's silent tear,
 And this poor maid's affection dear,
 A welcome give more kind and true,
 Than aught my better fortunes knew.
 210 Forgive, my friend, a father's boast, —
 O! it out-beggars all I lost!"

XXIV.

- Delightful praise! — like summer rose,
 That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
 The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd,
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
 The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
 The loved caresses of the maid
 The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
 220 And, at her whistle, on her hand
 The falcon took his favourite stand,
 Closed his dark wing, relax'd his eye,
 Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.
 And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
 Like fabled Goddess of the Wood,
 That if a father's partial thought
 O'erweigh'd her worth, and beauty aught,
 Well might the lover's judgment fail
 To balance with a juster scale;
 230 For with each secret glance he stole,
 The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

XXV.

Of stature tall, and slender frame,
 But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.
 The belted plaid and tartan hose
 Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;

- His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
 Curl'd closely round his bonnet blue.
 Train'd to the chase, his eagle eye
 The ptarmigan in snow could spy ;
 240 Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
 He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;
 Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,
 When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
 And scarce that doe, though wing'd with fear,
 Outstripp'd in speed the mountaineer :
 Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,
 And not a sob his toil confess.
 His form accorded with a mind
 Lively and ardent, frank and kind ;
 250 A blither heart, till Ellen came,
 Did never love nor sorrow tame ;
 It danced as lightsome in his breast,
 As play'd the feather on his crest.
 Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
 His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
 And bards, who saw his features bold,
 When kindled by the tales of old,
 Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
 Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
 260 Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
 But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

XXVI.

- Now back they wend their watery way,
 And, "O my sire !" did Ellen say,
 "Why urge thy chase so far astray ?
 And why so late return'd ? And why" —
 The rest was in her speaking eye.
 "My child, the chase I follow far,
 'Tis mimicry of noble war ;
 And with that gallant pastime reft
 270 Were all of Douglas I have left.
 I met young Malcolm as I stray'd
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,
 Nor stray'd I safe ; for, all around,
 Hunters and horsemen scour'd the ground.

This youth, though still a royal ward,
 Risk'd life and land to be my guard,
 And through the passes of the wood
 Guided my steps, not unpursued ;
 And Roderick shall his welcome make,
 280 Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
 Nor peril aught for me agen."

XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
 Redden'd at sight of Malcolm Græme,
 Yet, not in action, word, or eye,
 Fail'd aught in hospitality.
 In talk and sport they whiled away
 The morning of that summer day ;
 But at high noon a courier light
 290 Held secret parley with the knight,
 Whose moody aspect soon declared,
 That evil were the news he heard.
 Deep thought seem'd toiling in his head ;
 Yet was the evening banquet made,
 Ere he assembled round the flame,
 His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,
 And Ellen, too ; then cast around
 His eyes, then fixed them on the ground,
 As studying phrase that might avail
 300 Best to convey unpleasant tale.
 Long with his dagger's hilt he play'd,
 Then raised his haughty brow, and said :

XXVIII.

" Short be my speech ; — nor time affords,
 Nor my plain temper, glozing words.
 Kinsman and father, — if such name
 Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim ;
 Mine honour'd mother ; — Ellen — why,
 My cousin, turn away thine eye ? —
 And Græme, in whom I hope to know
 310 Full soon a noble friend or foe,
 When age shall give thee thy command,

And leading in thy native land :
 List all ! — The King's vindictive pride
 Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,
 Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
 To share their monarch's silvan game,
 Themselves in bloody toils were snared ;
 And when the banquet they prepared,
 And wide their loyal portals flung,
 320 O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
 Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,
 From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed,
 Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
 And from the silver Teviot's side ;
 The dales, where martial clans did ride,
 Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.
 This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
 So faithless, and so ruthless known,
 Now hither comes ; his end the same,
 330 The same pretext of silvan game.
 What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye,
 By fate of Border chivalry.
 Yet more ; amid Glenfinlas green,
 Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
 This by espial sure I know ;
 Your counsel in the streight I show."

XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
 Sought comfort in each other's eye,
 Then turn'd their ghastly look, each one,
 340 This to her sire, that to her son.
 The hasty colour went and came
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme ;
 But from his glance it well appear'd,
 'T was but for Ellen that he fear'd ;
 While, sorrowful, but undismay'd,
 The Douglas thus his counsel said :
 " Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
 It may but thunder and pass o'er ;
 Nor will I here remain an hour,
 350 To draw the lightning on thy bower ;

For well thou know'st, at this grey head
 The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
 For thee, who, at thy king's command,
 Canst aid him with a gallant band,
 Submission, homage, humbled pride,
 Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
 Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
 Ellen and I will seek, apart,
 The refuge of some forest cell,
 360 There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
 Till on the mountain and the moor
 The stern pursuit be pass'd and o'er." —

XXX.

"No, by mine honour," Roderick said,
 "So help me, Heaven, and my good blade!
 No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
 My father's ancient crest and mine,
 If from its shade in danger part
 The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!
 Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid
 370 To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
 To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
 Will friends and allies flock enow;
 Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief
 Will bind to us each Western Chief.
 When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
 The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,
 The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;
 And, when I light the nuptial torch,
 A thousand villages in flames
 380 Shall scare the slumbers of King James!
 — Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
 And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
 I meant not all my heat might say. —
 Small need of inroad, or of fight,
 When the sage Douglas may unite
 Each mountain clan in friendly band,
 To guard the passes of their land,
 Till the foil'd king, from pathless glen,
 Shall bootless turn him home agen."

XXXI.

- 390 There are who have, at midnight hour,
 In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,
 And, on the verge that beetled o'er
 The ocean tide's incessant roar,
 Dream'd calmly out their dangerous dream,
 Till waken'd by the morning beam;
 When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
 Such startler cast his glance below,
 And saw unmeasured depth around,
 And heard unintermitted sound,
 400 And thought the battled fence so frail,
 It waved like cobweb in the gale; —
 Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
 Did he not desperate impulse feel,
 Headlong to plunge himself below,
 And meet the worst his fears foreshow? —
 Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,
 As sudden ruin yawn'd around,
 By crossing terrors wildly toss'd,
 Still for the Douglas fearing most,
 410 Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
 To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII.

- Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
 In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
 And eager rose to speak — but ere
 His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
 Had Douglas mark'd the hectic strife,
 Where death seem'd combating with life;
 For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
 One instant rush'd the throbbing blood,
 420 Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
 Left its domain as wan as clay.
 "Roderick, enough! enough!" he cried,
 "My daughter cannot be thy bride;
 Not that the blush to wooer dear,
 Nor paleness that of maiden fear,

It may not be — forgive her, Chief,
 Nor hazard aught for our relief.
 Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er
 Will level a rebellious spear.

- 430 'T was I that taught his youthful hand
 To rein a steed and wield a brand;
 I see him yet, the princely boy!
 Not Ellen more my pride and joy;
 I love him still, despite my wrongs,
 By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.
 O seek the grace you well may find,
 Without a cause to mine combined."

XXXIII.

- Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode;
 The waving of his tartans broad,
 440 And darken'd brow, where wounded pride
 With ire and disappointment vied,
 Seem'd, by the torch's gloomy light,
 Like the ill Demon of the night,
 Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
 Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
 But, unrequited Love! thy dart
 Plunged deepest its envenom'd smart,
 And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
 At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
 450 While eyes, that mock'd at tears before,
 With bitter drops were running o'er.
 The death-pangs of long-cherish'd hope
 Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
 But, struggling with his spirit proud,
 Convulsive heaved its chequer'd shroud,
 While every sob — so mute were all —
 Was heard distinctly through the hall.
 The son's despair, the mother's look,
 Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;
 460 She rose, and to her side there came,
 To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

XXXIV.—XXXVII.

“When Malcolm advances to offer his services as Ellen rises to retire, Roderick pushes him violently back — and a scuffle ensues, of no very dignified character, which is with difficulty appeased by the giant arm of Douglas. Malcolm then withdraws in proud resentment; and, refusing to be indebted to the surly chief even for the use of his boat, plunges into the water, and swims over by moonlight to the mainland.”

CANTO THIRD.

The Gathering.

I.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that be!
 How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless
 course.

- 10 Yet live there still who can remember well,
 How when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
 Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
 And solitary heath, the signal knew;
 And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
 What time the warning note was keenly wound,
 What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
 While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the gathering
 sound,
 And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor,
 round.

II.

- The summer dawn's reflected hue
 20 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
 Mildly and soft the western breeze
 Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,

- And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
 Trembled but dimpled not for joy ;
 The mountain-shadows on her breast
 Were neither broken nor at rest ;
 In bright uncertainty they lie,
 Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
 The water-lily to the light
 30 Her chalice rear'd of silver bright ;
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
 Begemm'd with dewdrops, led her fawn ;
 The grey mist left the mountain side,
 The torrent show'd its glistening pride ;
 Invisible in flecked sky,
 The lark sent down her revelry ;
 The blackbird and the speckled thrush
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush ;
 In answer coo'd the cushat dove
 40 Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

III.

- No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
 Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
 With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
 Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
 And eyed the rising sun, and laid
 His hand on his impatient blade.
 Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
 Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
 With deep and deathful meaning fraught ;
 50 For such Antiquity had taught
 Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
 The Cross of Fire should take its road.
 The shrinking band stood oft aghast
 At the impatient glance he cast ; —
 Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
 As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
 She spread her dark sails on the wind,
 And, high in middle heav'n reclined,
 With her broad shadow on the lake,
 60 Silenced the warblers of the brake.

IV.—XI.

In these stanzas we have "a long and rather tedious account of the ceremonies employed by Sir Roderick in preparing for the summoning or gathering of his clan. This is accomplished by the consecration of a small wooden cross, with its points scorched and dipped in blood."

XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,
 From Brian's hand the symbol took :
 "Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave
 The crosslet to his henchman brave.
 "The muster-place be Lanrick mead —
 Instant the time — speed, Malise, speed!"
 Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
 A barge across Loch Katrine flew ;
 High stood the henchman on the prow,
 70 So rapidly the barge-men row,
 The bubbles, where they launch'd the boat,
 Were all unbroken and afloat,
 Dancing in foam and ripple still,
 When it had near'd the mainland hill ;
 And from the silver beach's side
 Still was the prow three fathom wide,
 When lightly bounded to the land
 The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
 80 On fleeter foot was never tied.
 Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
 Thine active sinews never braced.
 Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
 Burst down like torrent from its crest ;
 With short and springing footstep pass
 The trembling bog and false morass ;
 Across the brook like roebuck bound,
 And thread the brake like questing hound ;
 The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
 90 Yet shrink not from the desperate leap :

Parch'd are thy burning lips and brow,
 Yet by the fountain pause not now;
 Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
 Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
 The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
 Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
 Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,
 With rivals in the mountain race;
 But danger, death, and warrior deed,
 100 Are in thy course — speed, Malise, speed!

XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
 In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
 From winding glen, from upland brown,
 They pour'd each hardy tenant down.
 Nor slack'd the messenger his pace;
 He show'd the sign, he nam'd the place,
 And, pressing forward like the wind,
 Left clamour and surprise behind.
 The fisherman forsook the strand,
 110 The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
 With changed cheer, the mower blithe
 Left in the half-cut swathe the scythe;
 The herds without a keeper stray'd,
 The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
 The falc'ner toss'd his hawk away,
 The hunter left the stag at bay;
 Prompt at the signal of alarms,
 Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms;
 So swept the tumult and affray
 120 Along the margin of Achray.
 Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
 Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
 The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
 So stilly on thy bosom deep,
 The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,
 Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

XV.

Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is past,
 Duncraggan's huts appear at last,

- And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
 130 Half hidden in the copse so green;
 There mayst thou rest, thy labour done,
 Their Lord shall speed the signal on. —
 As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
 The henchman shot him down the way.
 — What woeful accents load the gale?
 The funeral yell, the female wail!
 A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
 A valiant warrior fights no more.
 Who, in the battle or the chase,
 140 At Roderick's side shall fill his place! —
 Within the hall, where torches' ray
 Supplies the excluded beams of day,
 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
 And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
 His stripling son stands mournful by,
 His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
 The village maids and matrons round
 The dismal coronach resound.

XVI.

Coronach.

- He is gone on the mountain,
 150 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font, reappearing,
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow!

- The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 160 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber!
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 170 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever!

XVII.

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,
 His master's corpse with wonder eyed,
 Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
 Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
 Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
 As if some stranger step he hears.
 'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,
 180 Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
 But headlong haste, or deadly fear,
 Urge the precipitate career.
 All stand aghast: — unheeding all,
 The henchman bursts into the hall;
 Before the dead man's bier he stood;
 Held forth the Cross besmear'd with blood;
 "The muster-place is Lanrick mead:
 Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!"

XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
 190 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
 In haste the stripling to his side
 His father's dirk and broadsword tied;
 But when he saw his mother's eye
 Watch him in speechless agony,
 Back to her open'd arms he flew,
 Press'd on her lips a fond adieu —
 "Alas!" she sobb'd, — "and yet be gone,
 And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!"
 One look he cast upon the bier,
 200 Dash'd from his eye the gathering tear,

- Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast,
 And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,
 Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,
 First he essays his fire and speed,
 He vanish'd, and o'er moor and moss
 Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
 Suspended was the widow's tear,
 While yet his footsteps she could hear;
 And when she mark'd the henchman's eye,
 210 Wet with unwonted sympathy,
 "Kinsman," she said, "his race is run,
 That should have sped thine errand on;
 The oak has fall'n, — the sapling bough
 Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.
 Yet trust I well, his duty done,
 The orphan's God will guard my son. —
 And you, in many a danger true,
 At Duncan's behest your blades that drew,
 To arms, and guard that orphan's head!
 220 Let babes and women wail the dead."
 Then weapon-clang, and martial call,
 Resounded through the funeral hall,
 While from the walls the attendant band
 Snatch'd sword and targe, with hurried hand;
 And short and flitting energy
 Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
 As if the sounds to warrior dear
 Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
 But faded soon that borrow'd force;
 230 Grief claim'd his right, and tears their course.

XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
 It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
 O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
 Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
 The tear that gather'd in his eye
 He left the mountain-breeze to dry;
 Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
 Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,
 That graced the sable strath with green,

- 240 The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
 Swoln wth the stream, remote the bridge,
 But Angus paused not on the edge ;
 Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
 Though reel'd his sympathetic eye,
 He dash'd amid the torrent's roar :
 His right hand high the crosslet bore,
 His left the pole-axe grasp'd, to guide
 And stay his footing in the tide.
 He stumbled twice — the foam splash'd high,
 250 With hoarser swell the stream raced by ;
 And had he fall'n, — for ever there,
 Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir !
 But still, as if in parting life,
 Firmer he grasp'd the Cross of strife,
 Until the opposing bank he gain'd,
 And up the chapel pathway strain'd.

XX.

- A blithesome rout, that morning tide,
 Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.
 Her troth Tombea's Mary gave
 260 To Norman, heir of Armandave,
 And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
 The bridal now resumed their march.
 In rude, but glad procession, came
 Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame ;
 And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
 Which snooded maiden would not hear ;
 And children, that, unwitting why,
 Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;
 And minstrels, that in measures vied
 270 Before the young and bonny bride,
 Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
 The tear and blush of morning rose.
 With virgin step, and bashful hand,
 She held the 'kerchief's snowy band ;
 The gallant bridegroom, by her side,
 Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
 And the glad mother in her ear
 Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

- Who meets them at the churchyard gate ?
 280 The messenger of fear and fate !
 Haste in his hurried accent lies,
 And grief is swimming in his eyes.
 All dripping from the recent flood,
 Panting and travel-soil'd he stood,
 The fatal sign of fire and sword
 Held forth, and spoke the appointed word :
 " The muster-place is Lanrick mead ;
 Speed forth the signal ! Norman, speed ! "
 And must he change so soon the hand,
 290 Just link'd to his by holy band,
 For the fell Cross of blood and brand ?
 And must the day, so blithe that rose,
 And promised rapture in the close,
 Before its setting hour, divide
 The bridegroom from the plighted bride ?
 O fatal doom ! — it must ! it must !
 Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
 Her summons dread, brook no delay ;
 Stretch to the race — away ! away !

XXII.

- 300 Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
 And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
 Until he saw the starting tear
 Speak woe he might not stop to cheer ;
 Then, trusting not a second look,
 In haste he sped him up the brook,
 Nor backward glanced, till on the heath
 Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.
 — What in the racer's bosom stirr'd ?
 The sickening pang of hope deferr'd,
 310 And memory, with a torturing train
 Of all his morning visions vain.
 Mingled with love's impatience, came
 The manly thirst for martial fame ;
 The stormy joy of mountaineers,
 Ere yet they rush upon the spears ;

- And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,
 And hope, from well-fought field returning,
 With war's red honours on his crest,
 To clasp his Mary to his breast.
 320 Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
 Like fire from flint he glanced away,
 While high resolve, and feeling strong,
 Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII.

Song.

- The heath this night must be my bed,
 The bracken curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 330 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
 It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now,
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, Mary.
 No fond regret must Norman know;
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

- 340 A time will come with feeling fraught,
 For, if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
 And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
 Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,

- 350 Rushing, in conflagration strong,
Thy deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below;
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
The signal roused to martial coil,
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source
Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swampy course ;
360 Thence southward turn'd its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,
From the grey sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
Each valley, each sequester'd glen,
Muster'd its little horde of men,
370 That met as torrents from the height
In Highland dales their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood ;
Each train'd to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

XXV. — XXXI.

"In the meantime, Douglas and his daughter had taken refuge in the mountain cave; and Sir Roderick, passing near their retreat in his way to the muster, hears Ellen's voice singing her evening hymn to the Virgin. He does not obtrude on her devotions, but hurries to the place of rendezvous, where his clan receive him with a shout of acclamation, and then couch on the bare heath for the night."

CANTO FOURTH.

The Prophecy.

I.—XV.

"THE fourth canto begins with more incantations. Some absurd and disgusting ceremonies are gone through, by a wild hermit of the clan, with a view to ascertain the issue of the impending war;—and this oracular response is obtained—'that the party shall prevail which first sheds the blood of its adversary.' We are then introduced to the minstrel and Ellen, whom he strives to comfort for the alarming disappearance of her father, by singing a long fairy ballad to her."

XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,
 A stranger climb'd the steepy glade;
 His martial step, his stately mien,
 His hunting suit of Lincoln green,
 His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
 'Tis Snowdown's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.
 Ellen beheld as in a dream,
 Then, starting, scarce suppress'd a scream:
 "O stranger! in such hour of fear,
 10 What evil hap has brought thee here?"—
 "An evil hap how can it be,
 That bids me look again on thee?
 By promise bound, my former guide
 Met me betimes this morning tide,
 And marshall'd, over bank and bourne,
 The happy path of my return."—
 "The happy path! what! said he nought
 Of war, of battle to be fought,
 Of guarded pass?"—"No, by my faith!
 20 Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."

"O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
 — Yonder his tartans I discern;
 Learn thou his purpose, and conjure
 That he will guide the stranger sure! —
 What prompted thee, unhappy man?
 The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
 Had not been bribed by love or fear,
 Unknown to him to guide thee here."

XVII.

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
 30 Since it is worthy care from thee;
 Yet life I hold but idle breath,
 When love or honour's weigh'd with death.
 Then let me profit by my chance,
 And speak my purpose bold at once.
 I come to bear thee from a wild,
 Where ne'er before such blossom smiled:
 By this soft hand to lead thee far
 From frantic scenes of feud and war.
 Near Bochastle my horses wait;
 40 They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
 I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
 I'll guard thee like a tender flower" —
 "O! hush, Sir Knight! 't were female art,
 To say I do not read thy heart;
 Too much, before, my selfish ear
 Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
 That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
 In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;
 And how, O how, can I atone
 50 The wreck my vanity brought on! —
 One way remains — I'll tell him all —
 Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!
 Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
 Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
 But first — my father is a man
 Outlaw'd and exiled, under ban;
 The price of blood is on his head,
 With me 't were infamy to wed. —
 Still wouldst thou speak? — then hear the truth!

60 Fitz-James, there is a noble youth, —
 If yet he is ! — exposed for me
 And mine to dread extremity —
 Thou hast the secret of my heart ;
 Forgive, be generous, and depart ! ”

XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train
 A lady's fickle heart to gain,
 But here he knew and felt them vain.
 There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
 To give her steadfast speech the lie ;
 70 In maiden confidence she stood,
 Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
 And told her love with such a sigh
 Of deep and hopeless agony,
 As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom,
 And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
 Hope vanish'd from Fitz-James's eye,
 But not with hope fled sympathy.
 He proffer'd to attend her side,
 As brother would a sister guide. —
 80 “ O ! little know'st thou Roderick's heart !
 Safer for both we go apart.
 O haste thee, and from Allan learn,
 If thou mayst trust yon wily kern.”
 With hand upon his forehead laid,
 The conflict of his mind to shade,
 A parting step or two he made ;
 Then, as some thought had cross'd his brain,
 He paused, and turn'd, and came again.

XIX.

“ Hear, lady, yet, a parting word !
 90 It chanced in fight that my poor sword
 Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
 This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
 And bade, when I had boon to crave,
 To bring it back, and boldly claim
 The recompense that I would name.

- Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
 But one who lives by lance and sword,
 Whose castle is his helm and shield,
 His lordship the embattled field.
- 100 What from a prince can I demand,
 Who neither reck of state nor land?
 Ellen, thy hand — the ring is thine;
 Each guard and usher knows the sign.
 Seek thou the king without delay;
 This signet shall secure thy way;
 And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
 As ransom of his pledge to me."
 He placed the golden circlet on,
 Paused — kiss'd her hand — and then was gone.
- 110 The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
 So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
 He join'd his guide, and wending down
 The ridges of the mountain brown,
 Across the stream they took their way,
 That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

XX.—XXVIII.

"As Fitz-James is pursuing his way through the wild, his suspicions are excited by the conduct of his guide, and confirmed by the musical warnings of a mad woman, who sings to him about the toils that are set, and the knives that are whetted against him. He then threatens his false guide, who discharges an arrow at him, which kills the maniac. The knight slays the murderer; and learning from the expiring victim that her brain had been turned by the cruelty of Sir Roderick, he vows vengeance on his head; and proceeds with grief and apprehension along his dangerous way."

XXIX.

- The shades of eve come slowly down,
 The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
 The owl awakens from her dell,
 The fox is heard upon the fell;
- 120 Enough remains of glimmering light
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
 Yet not enough from far to show
 His figure to the watchful foe.
 With cautious step, and ear awake,

- He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
 And not the summer solstice, there,
 Temper'd the midnight mountain air,
 But every breeze, that swept the wold,
 Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold.
- 130 In dread, in danger, and alone,
 Famish'd and chill'd, through ways unknown,
 Tangled and steep, he journey'd on;
 Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd,
 A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

XXX.

- Beside its embers red and clear,
 Bask'd in his plaid, a mountaineer;
 And up he sprung with sword in hand, —
 "Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!" —
 "A stranger." — "What dost thou require?" —
- 140 "Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
 My life's beset, my path is lost,
 The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost." —
 "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" — "No."
 "Thou darest not call thyself a foe?" —
 "I dare! to him and all the band
 He brings to aid his murderous hand."
 "Bold words! — but, though the beast of game
 The privilege of chase may claim,
 Though space and law the stag we lend,
- 150 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
 Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
 The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?
 Thus treacherous scouts, — yet sure they lie,
 Who say thou camest a secret spy!" —
 "They do, by heaven! — Come Roderick Dhu,
 And of his clan the boldest two,
 And let me but till morning rest,
 I write the falsehood on their crest." —
 "If by the blaze I mark aright,
- 160 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight." —
 "Then by these tokens mayst thou know
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe." —
 "Enough, enough; sit down and share
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

XXXI.

- He gave him of his Highland cheer,
 The harden'd flesh of mountain deer ;
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
 He tended him like welcome guest,
 170 Then thus his farther speech address'd : —
 “ Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu,
 A clansman born, a kinsman true ;
 Each word against his honour spoke,
 Demands of me avenging stroke ;
 Yet more, — upon thy fate, 't is said,
 A mighty augury is laid.
 It rests with me to wind my horn, —
 Thou art with numbers overborne ;
 It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
 180 Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand :
 But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
 Will I depart from honour's laws ;
 To assail a wearied man were shame,
 And stranger is a holy name ;
 Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
 In vain he never must require.
 Then rest thee here till dawn of day ;
 Myself will guide thee on the way,
 O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
 190 Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
 As far as Coilantogle's ford ;
 From thence thy warrant is thy sword.”
 “ I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
 As freely as 't is nobly given ! ” —
 “ Well, rest thee ; for the bittern's cry
 Sings us the lake's wild lullaby.”
 With that he shook the gathered heath,
 And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;
 And the brave foemen, side by side,
 200 Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
 And slept until the dawning beam
 Purpled the mountain and the stream.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Combat.

I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side ;—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow
of War.

II.

- 10 That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was tinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Look'd out upon the dappled sky,
Mutter'd their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
20 And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain grey.
A wildering path !— they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,

Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
 Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance.

- 30 'T was oft so steep, the foot was fain
 Assistance from the hand to gain ;
 So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
 Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew, —
 That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
 It rivals all but Beauty's tear !

III.

- At length they came where, stern and steep,
 The hill sinks down upon the deep.
 Here Vennachar in silver flows,
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ;
 40 Ever the hollow path twined on,
 Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;
 An hundred men might hold the post
 With hardihood against a host.
 The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
 With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
 And patches bright of bracken green,
 And heather black, that waved so high,
 It held the copse in rivalry.
 50 But where the lake slept deep and still,
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill ;
 And oft both path and hill were torn,
 Where wintry torrents down had borne,
 And heap'd upon the cumber'd land
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
 So toilsome was the road to trace,
 The guide, abating of his pace,
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
 And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause
 60 Hé sought these wilds, traversed by few,
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

" Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side ;

- Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
 "I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
 When here, but three days since, I came,
 Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,
 All seem'd as peaceful and as still
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
 70 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
 Nor soon expected back from war.
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
 Though deep perchance the villain lied." —
 "Yet why a second venture try?" —
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why! —
 Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?
 Enough, I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;
 80 Slight cause will then suffice to guide
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide, —
 A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,
 The merry glance of mountain maid;
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,
 The danger's self is lure alone." —

V

- "Thy secret keep, I urge thee not; —
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
 Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
 90 — "No, by my word; — of bands prepared
 To guard King James's sports I heard;
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
 This muster of the mountaineer,
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung." —
 "Free be they flung! for we were loth
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.
 Free be they flung! — as free shall wave
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
 100 But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
 Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
 Whence the bold boast by which you show

Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe ? "
 " Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
 Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
 The chief of a rebellious clan,
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
 With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight ;
 110 Yet this alone might from his part
 Sever each true and loyal heart."

VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
 Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.
 A space he paused, then sternly said,
 " And heard'st thou why he drew his blade ?
 Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe ?
 What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
 On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood ?
 120 He rights such wrong where it is given,
 If it were in the court of heaven."
 " Still was it outrage ; — yet, 't is true,
 Not then claim'd sovereignty his due ;
 While Albany, with feeble hand,
 Held borrow'd truncheon of command,
 The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
 Was stranger to respect and power.
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life !
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
 130 Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain
 His herds and harvest rear'd in vain.
 Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
 The spoils from such foul foray borne."

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
 And answer'd with disdainful smile, —
 " Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
 I mark'd thee send delighted eye,
 Far to the south and east, where lay,

- Extended in succession gay
 140 Deep waving fields and pastures green,
 With gentle slopes and groves between: —
 These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
 Were once the birthright of the Gael;
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 And from our fathers reft the land.
 Where dwell we now? See rudely swell
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,
 For fatten'd steer or household bread;
 150 Ask we for flock, these shingles dry,
 And well the mountain might reply, —
 'To you, as to your sires of yore,
 Belong the target and claymore!
 I give you shelter in my breast,
 Your own good blades must win the rest.'
 Pent in this fortress of the North,
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,
 And from the robber rend the prey?
 160 Ay, by my soul! — While on yon plain
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
 But one along yon river's maze, —
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
 That plundering Lowland field and fold
 Is aught but retribution true?
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu." —

VIII.

- 170 Answer'd Fitz-James, — "And, if I sought,
 Think'st thou no other could be brought?
 What deem ye of my path waylaid?
 My life given o'er to ambuscade?" —
 "As of a meed to rashness due:
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, —
 I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid, —

Free hadst thou been to come and go ;
 But secret path marks secret foe.
 180 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,
 Save to fulfil an augury." —
 " Well, let it pass ; nor will I now
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
 Enough, I am by promise tied
 To match me with this man of pride :
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
 In peace ; but when I come agen,
 190 I come with banner, brand, and bow,
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.
 For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 This rebel Chieftain and his band !"

IX.

" Have, then, thy wish ! " — He whistled shrill,
 And he was answer'd from the hill ;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 200 Instant, through copse and heath, arose
 Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows ;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;
 From shingles grey their lances start,
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
 The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
 210 That whistle garrison'd the glen
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood, and still.
 Like the loose crags whose threatening mass

Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 220 With step and weapon forward flung,
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James — "How say'st thou now?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!"

X.

Fitz-James was brave: — 'Though to his heart
 The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
 230 He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
 Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before: —
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I."
 Sir Roderick mark'd — and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foemen worthy of their steel.
 240 Short space he stood — then waved his hand:
 Down sunk the disappearing band;
 Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
 Sunk brand, and spear, and bended bow,
 In osiers pale and copses low;
 It seem'd as if their mother Earth
 Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair, —
 250 The next but swept a lone hill-side,
 Where heath and fern were waving wide:
 The sun's last glance was glinted back,
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

XI.

Fitz-James look'd round — yet scarce believed
 The witness that his sight received ;
 Such apparition well might seem
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.

- 260 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
 And to his look the Chief replied,
 "Fear nought — nay, that I need not say —
 But — doubt not aught from mine array.
 Thou art my guest ; — I pledged my word
 As far as Coilantogle ford :
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand
 For aid against one valiant hand,
 Though on our strife lay every vale
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
- 270 So move we on ; — I only meant
 To show the reed on which you leant,
 Deeming this path you might pursue
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."
 They moved ; — I said Fitz-James was brave,
 As ever knight that belted glaive ;
 Yet dare not say, that now his blood
 Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
 As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,
- 280 Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
 With lances, that, to take his life,
 Waited but signal from a guide,
 So late dishonour'd and defied.
 Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
 The vanish'd guardians of the ground,
 And still, from copse and heather deep,
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
 And in the plover's shrilly strain,
 The signal whistle heard again.
- 290 Nor breathed he free till far behind
 The pass was left ; for then they wind
 Along a wide and level green,
 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
 Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
 To hide a bonnet or a spear.

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,
 And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,
 300 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
 On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd :
 And here his course the Chieftain staid,
 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the Lowland warrior said : —
 " Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
 310 This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See here, all vantageless I stand,
 Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand :
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII.

The Saxon paused : — " I ne'er delay'd,
 320 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death ;
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved :
 Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
 Are there no means ? " — " No, Stranger, none !
 And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
 For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
 330 Between the living and the dead ;
 ' Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife.' " —

"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
 "The riddle is already read.
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, —
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
 Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,
 340 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
 Or if the King shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favour free,
 I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
 That, to thy native strengths restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand,
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye —
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 350 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate: —
 My clansman's blood demands revenge. —
 Not yet prepared? — By heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valour light
 As that of some vain carpet knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair." —
 360 — "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 370 Would fearful odds against thee cast.
 But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —

We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
 As what they ne'er might see again;
 Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 380 That on the field his targe he threw,
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dash'd aside;
 For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
 He practised every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 390 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood:
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill:
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 400 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
 And backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!" —
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
 — Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,

- Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 410 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;
 Receiv'd, but reck'd not of a wound,
 And lock'd his arms his foeman round. —
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
 Through bars of brass and triple steel ! —
 They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
 420 His knee was planted in his breast ;
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright ! —
 — But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game ;
 For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
 430 Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
 Down came the blow ! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII.

- He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life,
 Redeem'd, unhop'd, from desperate strife ;
 Next on his foe his look he cast,
 440 Whose every gasp appear'd his last ;
 In Roderick's gore he dipp'd the braid, —
 “ Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly paid ;
 Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
 The praise that Faith and Valour give.”
 With that he blew a bugle note,
 Undid the collar from his throat,
 Unbonneted, and by the wave

Sat down his brow and hands to lave.
 Then faint afar are heard the feet
 450 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
 The sounds increase, and now are seen
 Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;
 Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
 By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed;
 Each onward held his headlong course,
 And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse, —
 With wonder view'd the bloody spot, —
 "Exclaim not, gallants! question not. —
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
 460 And bind the wounds of yonder knight;
 Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,
 We destined for a fairer freight,
 And bring him on to Stirling straight;
 I will before at better speed,
 To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
 The sun rides high; — I must be bouned
 To see the archer game at noon;
 But lightly Bayard clears the lea. —
 De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

470 "Stand, Bayard, stand!" — the steed obey'd,
 With arching neck and bended head,
 And glancing eye and quivering ear,
 As if he loved his lord to hear.
 No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
 No grasp upon the saddle laid,
 But wreath'd his left hand in the mane,
 And lightly bounded from the plain,
 Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,
 And stirr'd his courage with the steel.
 480 Bounded the fiery steed in air,
 The rider sate erect and fair,
 Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
 Forth launch'd, along the plain they go.
 They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
 And up Carhonie's hill they flew;
 Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight,

- His merry-men follow'd as they might,
 Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
 And in the race they mock thy tide;
 490 Torry and Lendrick now are past,
 And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
 They rise, the bauner'd towers of Doune,
 They sink in distant woodland soon;
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
 They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;
 They mark just glance and disappear
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
 Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
 500 And on the opposing shore take ground,
 With splash, with scramble, and with bound.
 Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Worth!
 And soon the bulwark of the North,
 Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
 Upon their fleet career look'd down.

XIX.

- As up the flinty path they strain'd,
 Sudden his steed the leader rein'd;
 A signal to his squire he flung,
 Who instant to his stirrup sprung:—
 510 “Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman grey
 Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
 Of stature tall and poor array?
 Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
 With which he scales the mountain-side?
 Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?”—
 “No, by my word;—a burly groom
 He seems, who in the field or chase
 A baron's train would nobly grace.”—
 “Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
 520 And jealousy, no sharper eye?
 Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
 That stately form and step I knew;
 Like form in Scotland is not seen,
 Treads not such step on Scottish green.
 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!

The uncle of the banish'd Earl.
Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe :
The King must stand upon his guard ;
530 Douglas and he must meet prepared."
Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and straight
They won the castle's postern gate.

XX.-XXXIII.

"The reader is then told that Douglas had taken the resolution of delivering himself up voluntarily, with a view to save Malcolm Græme, and if possible Sir Roderick also, from the impending danger. As he draws near to the castle, he sees the king and his train descending to grace the holiday sports of the commonalty, and resolves to mingle in them, and present himself to the eye of his alienated sovereign as victor in those humbler contentions. He wins the prize accordingly, in archery, wrestling, and pitching the bar; and receives his reward from the hand of the prince, who does not condescend to recognise his former favourite by one glance of affection. Roused at last by an insult from one of the royal grooms, he proclaims himself aloud; is ordered into custody by the king, and represses a tumult of the populace which is excited for his rescue. At this instant, a messenger arrives with tidings of an approaching battle between the clan of Roderick and the king's lieutenant, the Earl of Mar; and is ordered back to prevent the combat, by announcing that both Sir Roderick and Lord Douglas are in the hands of their sovereign."

CANTO SIXTH.

The Guard-Room.

I.—XXIV.

“THE sixth canto opens with a very animated description of the motley mercenaries that formed the royal guard, as they appeared at early dawn, after a night of stern debauch. While they are quarrelling and singing, the sentinels introduce an old minstrel and a veiled maiden, who had been forwarded by Mar to the royal presence; and Ellen, disclosing her countenance, awes the ruffian soldiery into respect and pity by her grace and liberality. She is then conducted to a more seemly waiting-place, till the king should be visible; and Allan-bane, asking to be taken to the prison of his captive lord, is led by mistake to the sick-chamber of Roderick Dhu, who is dying of his wounds in a gloomy apartment of the castle. The high-souled chieftain inquires eagerly after the fortunes of his clan, the Douglas, and Ellen; and, when he learns that a battle has been fought with a doubtful success, entreats the minstrel to soothe his parting spirit with a description of it, and with the victor song of his clan. Allan-bane complies; and the battle is told in very animated and irregular verse. When the vehement strain is closed, Roderick is found cold; and Allan mourns him in a pathetic lament. In the meantime, Ellen hears the voice of Malcolm Græme lamenting his captivity from an adjoining turret of the palace.”

XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The list'ner had not turn'd her head,
It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear,
And Snowdown's graceful Knight was near.
She turn'd the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.

- "O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;
 "How may an almost orphan maid
 10 Pay the deep debt" — "O say not so!
 To me no gratitude you owe.
 Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
 And bid thy noble father live;
 I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
 With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
 No tyrant he, though ire and pride
 May lay his better mood aside.
 Come, Ellen, come! — 't is more than time,
 He holds his court at morning prime."
 20 With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
 As to a brother's arm she clung.
 Gently he dried the falling tear,
 And gently whisper'd hope and cheer;
 Her faltering steps half led, half staid,
 Through gallery fair and high arcade,
 Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
 A portal arch unfolded wide.

XXVI.

- Within 't was brilliant all and light,
 A thronging scene of figures bright;
 30 It glow'd on Ellen's dazzled sight,
 As when the setting sun has given
 Ten thousand hues to summer even,
 And from their tissue, fancy frames
 Aërial knights and fairy dames.
 Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
 A few faint steps she forward made,
 Then slow her drooping head she raised,
 And fearful round the presence gazed,
 For him she sought, who own'd this state,
 40 The dreaded prince whose will was fate! —
 She gazed on many a princely port
 Might well have ruled a royal court;
 On many a splendid garb she gazed, —
 Then turn'd bewilder'd and amazed,
 For all stood bare; and, in the room,
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.

To him each lady's look was lent ;
 On him each courtier's eye was bent ;
 Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
 50 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
 The centre of the glittering ring, —
 And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King !

XXVII.

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,
 Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
 Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
 And at the Monarch's feet she lay ;
 No word her choking voice commands, —
 She show'd the ring — she clasp'd her hands.
 O! not a moment could he brook,
 60 The generous prince, that suppliant look !
 Gently he raised her, — and, the while,
 Check'd with a glance the circle's smile ;
 Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd,
 And bade her terrors be dismiss'd : —
 “ Yes, Fair ; the wandering poor Fitz-James
 The fealty of Scotland claims.
 To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring ;
 He will redeem his signet ring.
 Ask nought for Douglas ; — yester even,
 70 His prince and he have much forgiven ;
 Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
 I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
 We would not to the vulgar crowd
 Yield what they craved with clamour loud ;
 Calmly we heard and judg'd his cause,
 Our council aided, and our laws.
 I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,
 With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencairn ;
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
 80 The friend and bulwark of our Throne. —
 But, lovely infidel, how now ?
 What clouds thy misbelieving brow ?
 Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid ;
 Thou must confirm this doubting maid.”

XXVIII.

- Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
 And on his neck his daughter hung.
 The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
 The sweetest, holiest draught of Power, —
 When it can say, with godlike voice,
 90 Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
 Yet would not James the general eye
 On Nature's raptures long should pry;
 He stepp'd between — "Nay, Douglas, nay,
 Steal not my proselyte away!
 The riddle 't is my right to read,
 That brought this happy chance to speed. —
 Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
 In life's more low but happier way,
 'T is under name which veils my power,
 100 Nor falsely veils — for Stirling's tower
 Of yore the name of Snowdown claims,
 And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
 Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
 Thus learn to right the injured cause." —
 Then, in a tone apart and low,
 — "Ah, little trait'ress! none must know
 What idle dream, what lighter thought,
 What vanity full dearly bought,
 Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
 110 My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,
 In dangerous hour, and all but gave
 Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!" —
 Aloud he spoke — "Thou'still dost hold
 That little talisman of gold,
 Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring —
 What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

XXIX.

- Full well the conscious maiden guess'd
 He probed the weakness of her breast;
 But, with that consciousness, there came
 120 A lightening of her fears for Græme,
 And more she deem'd the Monarch's ire

- Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu. —
“Forbear thy suit: — The King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand: —
- 130 My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live! —
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?”
Blushing, she turn'd her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wish'd her sire to speak
The suit that stain'd her glowing cheek.
“Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
- 140 Malcolm, come forth!” And, at the word,
Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland's Lord.
“For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name. —
Fetters and warder for the Græme!” —
- 150 His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

The introductory stanzas had better be skipped at first. When you return to them, keep in mind that the ancient poets used to begin by asking help in their work from what they called the Muse of Poetry. Milton imitates this ancient custom at the beginning of *Paradise Lost*, and so does Scott here. Addressing the Muse of Scottish Poesy by the name of "Harp of the North," he laments the recent decay and neglect of native song, praises the work of the earlier Scottish minstrels, and hopes that he may be favoured with some small share of their inspiration.

WITCH-ELM:—The dictionary will probably tell you that the **WITCH** here has no connection with witchcraft. Note the fact, as to the name; but note also, as to the object, whether Scott associates anything of witchcraft with it.

STILL MUST, etc.:—There are noteworthy points in both the sound and the sense of this line.

AT EACH ACCORDING PAUSE, etc.:—If these two lines trouble you, look at the end of stanza 30.

MAGIC MAZE, **WIZARD NOTE**, **ENCHANTRESS**:—*v.* note on **WITCH-ELM**.

2. **MONAN'S RILL**:—Never mind where it is, nor *St. Fillan's Spring*, nor any other place seldom mentioned or of little importance, or which you can't find marked on a map.

5-6. Note other instances, throughout the poem and elsewhere, of this poetical and natural way of marking time.

7-10. Look up other passages where the sound seems to echo the sense; and the many other examples of aspirate alliteration.

13. Collect all the best specimens of poetic circumlocution.

14. Is **SPRANG** or **RANG** or **SANG** used at all in this poem?

20. Thomson too has "tainted gale," and Pope speaks of the

"Hound sagacious on the tainted green."

41. **KEN**:—*Cf.* 117, 228. Scott uses it also as a verb:—

"We are men
Who little sense of peril ken."

48-50. Scott tells us in a note that the name is pronounced **Va-Var**, or more properly **Uaighmor**; and that it "signifies the great den or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant."

57. Note **SHREWDLY** here, **BURST** in 58, **BREATHE** in 54, **NUMBERS** and **BURDEN** in the introductory stanzas, and many other special or uncommon uses of common words elsewhere.

64. **MOOR** does not rhyme with **o'er** according to the rules in the text-books. But just as great kings "are the makers of manners," so great poets are the makers of rhymes; and it is better for the student to observe what rhymes they actually do use than to presume to determine what ones they should use. Scott uses all sorts, from identities like **KIND**—**KIND** (Lord of the Isles, III. 21) to mere assonances. Collect samples of the different kinds and classify them.

69. Are pine-trees **BLUE**? Look at 199-202, and 206.

98. Cf. this **STANCH** with the **STANCH'D** in VI. 77.

102. **BRAKE**:—v. 306, 649, etc., and cf. **BRACKEN** in III. 325.

104-105. Look back for the names, and at the map for the location of the mountain and the lake. v. also 60 and 412.

139. The second half of the line is a quotation from the Bible. Find it.

147. **DINGLE**:—What else has he called it?

169-170. Find chapter and verse for this.

181. See V. 10, and VI. 49. **SHEEN** has been an adjective since Chaucer's time at least. His Prioress had

"A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene;
And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shene."

The dictionaries now mark this use as archaic. As a noun the word is probably best known from Byron's line,

"And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea."

But this use dates back at least as far as Shakespeare. In *Hamlet* we find

"Thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen."

184. Cf. III. 21-22. Try to find other passages in our British poets where the west wind has pleasant associations. With what do we find the other winds associated?

185. Milton calls Nature **Boon** in a passage very like this in *Paradise Lost* IV.

192. Which, and how? Perhaps Scott had one of Solomon's proverbs in mind.

196. **WEPT**:—Cf. 693

204. What were these streamers? What other things does he call 'streamers'?

229. **NICE**:—v. note on 57.

237. How long?

240. What was "the livelier light"?

243-245. Cf. 215-216.

247. In V. 22 we have "a wildering path," in I. 407 "wilder'd wanderers." Look also at the use of "bewildered" in I. 272 and V. 101. Dryden has

"Fixed as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way."

247. In Enoch Arden, Tennyson uses FEATHER of a scattered wood as Scott does here, and also of the ripple from the bow of a ship.

276-279. If Fitz-James were there now, a mile's tramp would take him to the Trossachs' Hotel where he could dine for 5 shillings, get a room for 4, and breakfast next morning for 3.

310-314. Make a drawing for this. Select other passages suitable for pictorial illustration, and illustrate them.

329-330. Look through Tennyson's Talking Oak for a parallel to this.

361. Which ones has he named?

365. Her voice is gentle, and back a bit he told us it was soft. Look up what King Lear says of Cordelia's.

381. For a commoner use of WONT v. V. 277.

386: Cf. note on SHEEN in 181. Among earlier poets who use FROLIC as an adjective, Milton has in L'Allegro

"The frolic Wind that breathes the spring."

Among later ones Tennyson has in Ulysses

"Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and fought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine."

398. What was "the petty need"?

411. Note the PULL'D.

412. v. note on 104.

431. For the meaning of BANE v. the next line, and still better the "white-hair'd Allan-bane" in the first stanza of Canto II. Similarly, the DHU in Roderick's name means 'black,' and the ROY in ROB ROY means 'red.' Such names are common enough yet among Highlanders and their descendants in Canada and elsewhere.

433. Allan had what Gaelic-speaking people call TAISHITARAUGH, and what we call "Second Sight." It is the "mystical lore" of Campbell's lines,

"'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

Tennyson calls it

"such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise."

434. Cf. the "dappled sky" in V. 14.

454. v. note on 13. Note the different names given to Ellen's boat: and note the different things for which Scott uses the word TIDE.

461-462. Would this be good for the dogs after such a severe chase?

464. Cf. 235.

519. **TARGET**:—The thing is called by the same name in V. 305; by another form of the same name in V. 380; and by our usual name for it in V. 384. In the stanza containing the two lines cited last, there is a partial description of the weapon. The frame was of light wood.

521. **STORE** is used again in this peculiar construction in III. 3.

538. Look ahead for information about the "one."

546. Two giants of the old romances; the first was forty feet high, the other only thirty.

553-554. The construction in the first line is something odd, but the meaning is clear enough. The lady's name and her relationship to Ellen and the others will appear by-and-by.

572. Has **STALWART** the same meaning here as in 539?

593. **VIEWLESS** is explained two lines below. Cf. "The viewless forms of air" in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* I. 12, "I must be viewless now" in Milton's *Comus* 92, "the viewless winds" in *Measure for Measure* 3. 1. Shakespeare also uses **SIGHTLESS** in the same sense.

684. Look back at the list of trophies. Why call them "uncouth"?

713. The next line helps to show what **TOLD** means here. Cf. Milton's "Every shepherd tells his tale."

CANTO II.

4. Scott says "Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of **TINE-MAN**, because he **TINED**, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought." This is the Douglas of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. He belonged to the elder branch of the family, the 'black' Douglasses as they were called. Other members of this branch were "the good Lord James" of The Lord of the Isles and of Castle Dangerous, the "grim Earl" of The Fair Maid of Perth, and "the dead Douglas" who won the Battle of Otterbourne. The 'red' Douglasses of the house of Angus were a younger branch. Marmion's host was one of these, and "the banished Earl" mentioned in the present poem was his grandson. Fitz-James calls Ellen's father the uncle of this earl, but Scott tells us in a note that he is an imaginary person.

5. **WHAT TIME** is often used thus in poetry. v. III. 15, 16.

With stanza 16 cf. the approach of the Tuscan army to Rome in Macaulay's *Horatius*.

51. Pick out all the **AMAIN**'s in the poem and note the different shades of meaning. Cf. with Macaulay's use of the word in his *Lays*.

69. v. note on I. 57. Cf. **CLOSE** in V. 378, 389, 435.

90. Cf. this **BURDEN** with that in the introductory stanzas to I.

106. Scott tells us that the line means "Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine." Of the song, he says "It is intended as an imitation of the boat songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars."

For **DHU**, v. note on I. 431, and v. also V. 224.

110. To what does **HER** refer? And in 120? And **HE** and **HIM** in 113? And **HIM** in 130? And **THEIR** in 133? And **HER** in 135?

117-118. What is the difference between a pibroch and a slogan? Which of them was "the gathering sound" of III. 17?

138. For Lady Margaret *v.* stanzas 29 and 30 of I. In stanza 13 of II. we are told that Ellen is Margaret's "sister's child." The present stanza tells the Dame's relation to Roderick.

191 ff. Bothwell, one of the Douglas castles, on the Clyde above Glasgow. Blantyre, an old priory on the opposite side of the river. Hotspur's pennon was won by the Douglas who afterwards fell at Otterbourne. Of "the waned crescent" Bishop Percy says, "The silver crescent is a well-known crest or badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from the crusades against the Saracens."

211. It is easy to see the meaning of the line as a whole: it is not so easy to pick it out piecemeal from the several members of the sentence. OUT-BEGGARS seems to be modelled on Hamlet's OUT-HERODS, but there is not the same analogy in meaning as in form.

232 ff. *v.* note on I. 310.

238-239. Why is an 'eagle eye' needed for this?

246-247. Ben Lomond is 3192 feet high. With a pony and guide it takes from 2 to 3 hours to ascend it nowadays from the south. Ruskin tells us that to read some of his long sentences we should be "breathed like the Graeme."

266. What was "the rest"?

280, 284. *v.* stanza 15 and the introductory remarks to the canto.

289. Why "high"?

292. News "is nothing but a plural," says Professor Skeat. It is rarely used as a plural now, but such is not the case in our older literature. In cases like this the young student should be careful about charging his author with 'grammatical error.'

313-326. This passage and another in the 6th stanza of V. show that the time of the story is during the reign of James V.

Scott gives an account of the expedition against the Border Freebooters in chap. 27 of his *Tales of a Grandfather*.

336. Many persons are 'in great straits' to-day. St. Paul was 'in a strait' once, — *v.* Phil. i. 23.

The elliptical construction of the line may lead astray the careless reader who does not allow for the context.

357. *v.* Marmion VI. stanza 2. The emblem of the family is associated with the story of 'the good Lord James' and the heart of Bruce.

372. What do the dictionaries say about the pronunciation of ALLIES and ENOW? Does Scott always pronounce them as here?

376. *v.* V. 25-26, 163. There is another kind of links, associated with golf, at Aberdeen, St. Andrews, etc.

381. Note the difference between BLENCH and BLANCH.

383. Many editions of the poem read HEART here, but the meaning is the same for both readings.

389. Very young readers may mistake the meaning of BOOTLESS.

410. How 'desperate' such a thought must have been to Ellen will be best understood after reading stanzas 13 and 14 in a complete copy of the poem.

421. How much is implied in the simile here?

430-436. *Cf.* Fitz-James's reminiscences of Douglas in Canto I.

436. *v.* note on I. 64. WRONGS — TONGUES is quite a common sort of rime in our poetry. See if Scott always rimes TONGUES so.

CANTO III.

3. v. I. 521.
 10. How old must these people have been in 1810?
 12-13. Find examples of all these in your neighbourhood, if there are any.
 15, 16. v. II. 5.
 15. *Cf.* Scott's use of the pasts *WOUND* and *WINDED* with ours.
 17. v. note on II. 117-118.
 Stanza 2. *Cf.* the sights and sounds at dawn where you live. Look up some other poetic descriptions of morning; also of evening.
 20. Macaulay, in *The Armada*, makes the sea purple at another time of day.
 21. v. note on I. 184.
 41-42. Here we have a contrast between the scene and the soul of the man who sees it. Try to find a case of agreement.
 89. If *SCAUR* is not in your dictionary, try among the *SCAR*'s. With stanza 14 *cf.* Macaulay's *Horatius*, stanzas 2 to 8.
 111. Look for the 'archaic' meanings of *CHEER*.
 165. If you can't find *CORREI*, try *CORRIE* or *CORRY*.
 166. Look at *CUMBER'D* in V. 54. In an omitted stanza of Canto IV. we have, "Sore did he cumber our retreat." See also St. Luke x. 40.
 267-268. *Cf.* 146.

CANTO IV.

15. One *BOURNE* or *BOURN* means a boundary, as in the famous passage in *Hamlet*. Another is called *BURN* in Scotland and means a stream. Some note-makers seem to know that Scott meant the former here, others that he meant the latter.

20. How would you say this?

31-32. *Cf.* what Brutus says in *Julius Cæsar*, I. 2, —

"Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently."

53-54. To whom are these lines addressed? What was the 'folly,' and what the 'shame'?

83. We read about 'yon wily kern' in 13 to 24. His name is given in V. 336.

116-119. *Cf.* III. stanza 2, and the opening of Gray's *Elegy*.

151-152. Is this true of fox-hunting now?

173. Forms like *SPOKE* and *BROKE* are quite common as past participles in English Literature from Shakespeare to Tennyson.

176. Roderick quotes the augury in V. 331-332. It occurs originally in one of the omitted stanzas of Canto IV.

181-186. *Cf.* I. 555-562.

CANTO V.

What bearing has the introductory stanza on the subject of the canto?

14. v. I. 434.

19. The last stanza of III. (omitted here) gives some idea of the 'varied hue.' Roderick's clansmen, wrapped in their plaids and couched on the ground, were

Scarce to be known by curious eye
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green.

27. How far off?

46. Not our shingles, of course. v. also 150 and 204.

66. Is this correct?

70-71. Cite or quote to show that you remember where he was.

108-109. In one of the early stanzas of II. Allan tells Ellen

In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide.

124-127. v. note on II. 313.

301-303. On these lines Scott writes, "The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochartle. Upon a small eminence, called the Dun of Bochartle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman."

305. v. note on I. 519.

358-363. One of the locks in the braid was from the head of the murdered madwoman mentioned in the summary of IV. xx.-xxviii. on page

50. When Fitz-James saw that she was dead

A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet-side:
"By Him whose word is truth! I swear,
No other favour will I wear,
Till this sad token I imbrue
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!"

Canto IV. Stanza 28.

369-370. An earlier passage helps to explain this, a later one does so more fully and tells the odds.

371. Why does he speak thus?

376. At least one editor presumes to put HE for Scott's THEY. Another thinks it worth while to say in a note, "Ungrammatically put for HE."

378. *v.* II. 69, and note.

413-416. Who says this?

420. What would this line mean if it stood alone? Make a drawing to illustrate that meaning, and another for the real one.

441-442. *v.* 358 and note.

452. Quote an earlier line to show how they happened to be at hand, and a later one to show what for.

454. One steed only? Or one to each of the two?

465. In IV. 21, the maniac, Blanche, is dressed "in tattered weeds." For what do we still use the word in this sense?

466-467. In Scott's Introduction to the edition of 1830, he says: "I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire, to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the Poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable."

474 ff. *Cf.* the description of Prince Harry's horsemanship in Shakespeare's I Henry IV. 4. 1.

516-520. Later on we learn something of the cause of De Vaux's fear and jealousy.

525-526. *v.* note on II. 4. Jeffrey calls this "that unhappy couplet, where the king himself is in such distress for a rhyme, as to be obliged to apply to one of the most obscure saints on the calendar."

CANTO VI.

49. *v.* note on I. 181.

53-56. This is the last simile in the poem. See how many as good or better you can find before it.

72. "The banished Earl" of Angus (V. 526) had tyrannised over James V. during his minority. See Scott's Tales of a Grandfather.

73-74. This refers to an incident in V. stanzas 25 to 30.

96. SPEED has its old meaning here. In III. 63, V. 464, etc., we have the usual meaning now. Which is it in 'Godspeed,' and in Browning's "Good speed," cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew"? In Chaucer, only the old meaning is found; in Shakespeare, both.

129. *v.* III. 111. This use of CHEER is not archaic.

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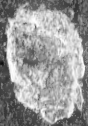
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